The Pecan Tree

(a poem)

There is a tree outside my window,
With branches strong and wide.
The tree is not inside my house,
Because trees... grow outside.

I look upon the branch's tips
I look among the leaves.
What I see doth trouble me,
It makes my heart weep... it grieves.

Green casings are popping open,
New pecans are bursting forth.
Knowing not their dismal fate
Or their scanty worth.

One will fall onto the ground
Where it will decay, so smelly.
One will find it's way into
A greedy rodent's belly.

Yet another pecan will drop and be
Picked up by a passerby,
Only to be painfully shelled
And cast into a pie!

O, Tree of Pecans,
Why do you bear your fruit?
How do you cope
And maintain your hope
When your offspring are crunched 'neath a boot?

Birdtown Comics